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# Bill Jones

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# BILL JONES

# BLUE-EYED MARY.

'Twas off the coast of Guinea land,  
Full sixty leagues from shore we lay,  
The cat way in the boatswains hand,  
And many felt her claws that day,  
At length out spoke Bill Jones says he,  
To hang than this 'twere better far,  
Up, up, all hands and die like men,  
Command or death. shout, shout hurrrh!

Our captain feared not heaven or hell,  
And no friend on board had he,  
Tho' many true hearts with him fell,  
For duty and for loyalty,  
Bill Jones' blood stains the deck.  
There never cruised a braver tar,  
And true to him the hour he died,  
We drain a bowl and shout hurrah.

Before had fled his vital breath  
Thus slow and solemn spoke poor Bill,  
Captain when I am moored in death,  
You'll find Bill Jones is with you still,  
On sea or land, in calm or storm,  
Or when you in your cabin lay,  
There you will see my blood stained form,  
So messmates shout hurrah!

True indeed, Bill did not boast,  
Ah! me it was a dreadful sight,  
Me and my messmates saw his ghost,  
He was with the captain day and night,  
And oft he raved in grief and pain,  
And ran on deck in sad dismay,  
Saying Bill Jones is here again,  
The sailors shouted out hurrah!

One dreary night the waves did dash,  
And rear'd themselves unto the sky,  
We thought we heard a sudden splash,  
And now and then a dreadful cry,  
We our captain saw by the lightning flash,  
Slowly sinking in the sea,  
We heard him cry Bill Jones is here,  
The sailors shouted out hurrah!

As I walk'd out one fine morning,  
When flowers they were springing,  
I met a fair maid by the way,  
She so sweetly singing,  
I kindly did salute the maid,  
She was so brisk and airy,  
She appeared to me like venus bright  
The charming Blue-Eyed Mary.

Where are you going my pretty maid,  
This summer's morning so early,  
I am going sir to milk my cow,  
And then to mind my dairy,  
Shall I go with you my pretty maid,  
She answered me so sincerely,  
So just as you please kind sir,  
Replied the Blue-Eyed Mary.

We were crossing the fields so green,  
And flowers they were springing,  
Down on a mossy bank we sat,  
And the skylarks sweetly singing,  
Down on a mossy bank we sat,  
No one I'm sure was near us,  
And there I kissed the ruby lips,  
Of charming Blue-Eyed Mary.

Now you have had your will of me,  
Kind sir pray do not leave me,  
If I should prove with child by you,  
My parents they would slight me,  
Once more I kiss'd her ruby lips,  
Soon as these words she'd spoken,  
I gave to her a diamond ring,  
Take this my love as a token.

Than I kissed her ruby lips,  
I squeezed her hand and parted,  
She said kind sir return to me,  
Don't leave me broken hearted.  
He said fair maid I must be gone,  
Our ship will sail so early,  
I'll prove as true as the turtle dove,  
To you my Blue-eyed Mary.

When six long weeks were gone an  
No letter came to Mary,  
She often viewed the diamond ring  
When she was in the dairy,  
She was crossing of the flowery field  
One summer's morning early,  
A young man stepped up to her,  
And said are you young Mary?

I am now returned from sea,  
Forsake your cows and dairy  
And I'll make you my lawful bride  
My charming Blue-eyed Mary  
She went with him without delay  
She forsook her cows and dairy,  
And he made her a captain's bride,  
The charming Blue-eyed Mary.